

# The Mirror

OF

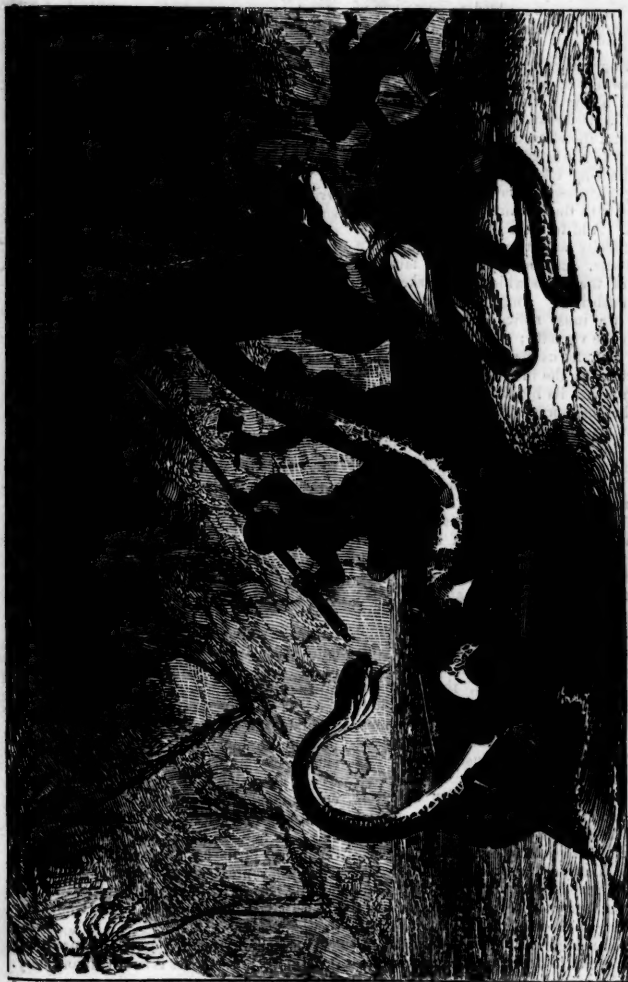
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Spirit of the Annuals for 1835.



BOA CONSTRICTOR AND BOAT'S CREW.  
(Copied, by permission, from DANIELL'S ORIENTAL ANNUAL.)

## SPIRIT OF THE ANNUALS FOR 1835.

**The Oriental Annual**

[Is, in every respect, a continuation of the splendid design commenced in its preceding volume. Of its engravings, we last year, (with the concurrence of the publishers,) presented our readers with a highly-finished specimen; and, by a similar act of courtesy, we are this year also enabled to quote one of the superb productions of art in the volume before us.

The Engravings are twenty-two in number, from drawings by Mr. Daniell, R. A. They represent a few of the magnificent wonders of India in nature and art; the luxuriance of the one and the elaborate beauty of the other: and a few of the scenes are so gemmed with the enchanting effects of climate, and the pleasing picturesqueness of costume, as to dazzle us with their sunny and many-shaded varieties. Add to these attractions, the native simplicity and unadorned beauty of a few portraits, and you have but a faint reflection of the gems which this casket of a volume enshrines. Among the latter illustrations we must notice the Indian fruit-seller, in the vignette; and the Rajpootnee Bride. But, let us glance at the subjects as they occur; as the interior of a Mosque at Juanpore, with its highly-enriched architecture; the one-horned Rhinoceros, and the luxuriant back-ground, with its aloe and cactus; the Yak of Thibet, of kindred pictorial beauty; the Haram, and its favourite; Mosque at Mattra, with its graceful towers and caparisoned elephants; the Moar-punkee, a splendid state barge, with its flying peacock bow, pavilion, and score of rowers,—an ethereal contrast with our leaden-looking civic pleasure barges; Mausoleum at Lucknow, with its crowning dome and domelets; the Palace-garden at Lucknow, a brilliant sunny scene; the Kulwhuttee Gate, a noble specimen of the Indian castle; and the Kutwallee Gate, still more superb in decay; a glittering view of Calcutta, the "city of palaces;" and last, though one of the first in merit, the horror-fraught original of our Engraving, of which speaks the opposite page. The letter-press, illustrative of this terrific scene, is as follows:]

Nearly a hundred miles below Calcutta, at the embouchure of the Hoogley, is the Delta of the Ganges, called the Sunderbunds, composed of a labyrinth of streams and creeks, all of which are salt, except those that communicate immediately with the principal arm of the sacred river; those numerous canals being so disposed as to form a complete inland navigation. A few years before the writer's visit to Calcutta, the captain of a country ship, while passing the Sunderbunds, sent a boat into one of the creeks to obtain

some fresh fruits which are cultivated by the few miserable inhabitants of this inhospitable region. Having reached the shore, the crew moored the boat under a bank, and left one of the party to take care of her. During their absence, the lascar, who remained in charge of the boat, overcome by heat, lay down under the seats, and fell asleep. Whilst he was in this happy state of unconsciousness, an enormous boa constrictor emerged from the jungle, reached the boat, had already coiled its huge body round the sleeper, and was in the very act of crushing him to death, when his companions fortunately returned at this auspicious moment, and attacking the monster, severed a portion of its tail, which so disabled it that it no longer retained the power of doing mischief. The snake was then easily despatched, and found to measure 62 feet and some inches in length. (The writer adds,) the immense size of these snakes, (boas,) has been frequently called in question, but I know not why it should when the fact has been authenticated by so many eye-witnesses. Nor was it unknown to ancient historians; for, Suetonius, in the forty-third chapter of his Lives of the Twelve Cæsars, mentions that the Emperor Augustus over and above the regular shows, gave others occasionally for the purpose of exhibiting any extraordinary object of which he might obtain possession; amongst these, he mentions a rhinoceros, a tiger, and a snake, seventy-five feet long—*quinguginta cubitorum*.

[The letter-press is as heretofore by the Rev. Hobart Caunter, B. D. and is entitled "Scenes in India." It is of very miscellaneous and entertaining character; although we must content ourselves with one more extract:]

It is generally imagined, and by persons too who have been some time resident in India, that the Cobra di Capello, exhibited by the jugglers in this country, is perfectly harmless, in consequence of its fangs being extracted by these practical adepts in the art of legerdemain. But this is altogether a mistake. The fangs are positively not extracted; and the creature is presented to the spectator possessing all its natural powers of mischief unimpaired. The bite from a snake shown by any of these itinerant conjurors, would as certainly prove fatal as from one encountered in the jungle. This will, perhaps, appear strange to those who have heard of these reptiles being constantly shown in the houses of the curious, and more especially when they are told that this snake is frequently permitted to put its head against the cheeks of the children of those who show them.

The dexterity of the jugglers in managing these dangerous reptiles is truly extraordinary. They easily excite them to the most desperate rage, and by a certain circular motion of

the arms appease them as readily: then, without the least hesitation, they will take them in their hands, coil them round their necks, and put their fingers to their mouths, even while their jaws are furnished with the deadliest venom, and the slightest puncture from their fangs would produce not only certain but almost instant death.

The power which these people exercise over this species of venomous snake, remains no longer a mystery when its habits are known. It is a remarkable peculiarity in the Cobra di Capello, and, I believe, in most poisonous reptiles of this class, that they have an extreme reluctance to put into operation the deadly powers with which they are endowed. The Cobra scarcely ever bites unless excited by actual injury or extreme provocation; and even then, before it darts upon its aggressor, it always gives him timely notice of his danger not to be mistaken. It dilates the crest upon its neck, which is a large, flexible membrane having on the upper surface two, black, circular spots, like a pair of spectacles, waves its head to and fro with a gentle undulatory motion, the eye sparkling with intense lustre, and commences a hiss so loud as to be heard at a considerable distance; so that the juggler always has warning when it is perilous to approach his captive. The snake never bites while the hood is closed; and so long as this is not erected, it may be approached and handled with impunity. Even when the hood is spread, while the creature continues silent, there is no danger. Its fearful hiss is at once the signal of aggression and of peril.

Though the Cobra is so deadly when under excitement, it is nevertheless astonishing to see how readily it is appeased even in the highest state of exasperation, and this merely by the droning music with which its exhibitors seem to charm it. It appears to be fascinated by the discordant sounds that issue from their pipes and tomtoms.

I confess, for some time after my arrival in India, I laboured under the general delusion that the fangs of these reptiles were always drawn out by the persons who carried them about, and had often fearlessly ventured within their spring with a feeling of entire security: I, however, took especial care never to approach a captive snake, after I discovered that it still retained its powers of destruction. The jugglers, who gain a precarious subsistence by showing these creatures, will bring them in from the jungles by the neck, and an instance of their being bitten is scarcely ever heard of. They themselves appear not to have the slightest apprehension of danger; for it is not often that the snake, though so rudely seized, manifests any symptoms of irritation.

### Friendship's Offering

[Is foremost in the gay throng in arrival and merit. The prose tales are too long for entire quotation. They are full of love and fine madness; as the *Intercepted Letter*, a story of amiable life, by the author of *Trials and Triumphs: the Client's Story*, by Mr. Inglis, who is ever agreeable in narrative and description, though, in this instance, his subject has a painful interest—a repentant rich man leaves a fortune to the descendants of its rightful possessors and heirs, whom he had neglected to save during an upset in the river Cam, and their father, he had quieted by criminal neglect; the narrator is the attorney who makes the repentant's will, after which the client dies by laudanum: all which is truly tragic. The *First Sleep*, by the author of the *Puritan's Grave*, is a delightful version of Adam's first repose, and his awakening to behold the beauty of the new-made world. Mustapha, the philanthropist, is a tale of Asia Minor, of nearly fifty pages extent. The first paragraph bespeaks its interest:—]

Mustapha Ben Mustapha, Ben Ali, Ben Kaled, thou wast well-known, long-loved, and deeply lamented. Tears are still shed upon the turban stone that marks the spot where thy remains sleep the sleep of the holy; the young women spread their veils upon thy grave, the young men pray to be like thee, brave, beautiful, and beloved; the old men thank Allah, that thou wast the light of their infancy, and the glory of their land. Yet thy sun was long clouded by sorrow, thy name was long stained by calumny, and anguish long bowed to the earth the brow that was yet to wear the heron plume of power, and the diamond chelenc of the favour of the Sultan, king of kings.

[There are besides other tales by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Hall, and Miss Mitford. The following passage from the latter, is full of the life and beauty of that purest of all pleasures—a garden.]

The old buildings matted with roses, honeysuckles, and jessamines, broken only by the pretty out-door room which Lucy called her green-house; the pile of variously tinted geraniums in front of that prettiest room; the wall garlanded, covered, hidden with interwoven myrtles, fuschias, passion-flowers, and clematis, the purple wreaths of the mau-radia, the orange tubes of the acrima carpis, and the bright pink blossoms of the lotus spermum; the beds filled with dahlias, salvias, calceolarias, and carnations of every hue, with the rich purple and the pure white petunia, with the many-coloured marvel of Peru with the enamelled blue of the Siberian larkspur, with the richly scented changeable lupine, with the glowing lavatera, the splendid hybiscus, the pure and alabaster cup of

the white cænothra, the lilac clusters of the phlox, and the delicate blossom of the yellow sultan, most elegant amongst flowers;—all these, with a hundred other plants too long to name, and all their various greens, and the pet weed mignonette growing like grass in a meadow, and mingling its aromatic odour amongst the general fragrance—all this sweetness and beauty glowing in the evening sun, and breathing of freshness and of cool air, came with such a thrill of delight upon the poor village maiden, who, in spite of her admiration of London, had languished in its heat, and noise, and dirt, for the calm and quiet, the green leaves and the bright flowers of her country home, that, from the very fullness of her heart, from joy and gratitude, and tenderness and anxiety, she flung her arms round her brother's neck and burst into tears.

[Our main extract is—]

HELL'S HOLLOW. BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

[The incidents upon which this sketch is founded are not imaginary. Many persons, now living, remember all the circumstances; and the atrocious bandit, to whom the peasantry attributed many horrible acts, was publicly executed in the *Place d'Armes* at Dijon. *Creux d'Enfer*, like our "Devil's Bridge," appears to be a name commonly bestowed on savage and dismal glens.—J. A. S.]

"I saw him, I,  
Assailed, taken, fight, stabbed, bleed, fall, and die."  
DONNE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great number of travellers who cross the Jura, and admire, in passing, the cloud-capped summits of the Réculet, where the snow lingers through two-thirds of the summer, and sometimes leaves a remnant of the past winter to greet the coming,—few leave the highway for the purpose of exploring the deep hollows, the forests and caverns, which encircle its base. Those who have taken this pains, however, will remember the *Creux d'Enfer*, or "Hell's Hollow," a small glen, or rather gorge of the mountains, of tremendous magnificence, in which one of those nameless streams that water the eastern limits of Frenche Comté takes its rise. It is inclosed on all sides by lofty rocks, which, on the east, are naked, rugged, perpendicular, but elsewhere clothed with pines, whose reversed branches, as if shattered by the tempest, flap like a sea-fowl's broken wing in the blast. The torrent breaks out with noise and foam through a narrow cleft in the rock, which forms the only practicable entrance into the glen; and this, at all times dangerous, is often rendered impassable by rain, or the melting of the snow. Viewed from the summit of the surrounding cliffs, it appears utterly inaccessible; yet you see, perched like a nest among the rocks, a ruined *chalet*, which has the air of having been inhabited at no very distant period. Who, and what its inhabitants were,

I learned from one but too deeply versed in its whole history.

Quitting my carriage and family a little beyond *La Vata*, I strolled, without chart or guide, towards the Réculet, beholding, at every step, picturesque beauties, which it boots not now to dwell upon. At length, after many a toilsome ascent, through paths bordered on either side with deep snow,—though it was now nearly the end of May,—I suddenly reached the edge of *Hell's Hollow*. Nothing that I had seen ever struck my imagination like this wild spot—no, not the snowy, shining summits of a hundred Alps, stretching away in glittering files from Chambery to the Tyrol, like a world formed of the vapours of the morning.—It seemed as if man had never before regarded it—for the *chalet* was not immediately visible; and when it became so, appeared, at first, like a portion of the rock.

[Here the writer meets an old beldame, who narrates the sketch.]

"About twenty years ago, the *chalet* in the glen was occupied by a widow and her six sons, all nursed in arts of hardihood, all hunters by profession,—men who scorned the soft pillow, the arm-chair, and the fire-side; who loved to roam the mountain fastnesses of Jura or Alp, in quest of the stag or the chamois, and sometimes of nobler game. Travellers,—men of the same kidney, mayhap,—occasionally accompanied them to their home in the glen, to partake of their hospitality; but it generally happened, as report went, that they quarrelled over their cups, that knives were used for other purposes than carving pigeons, and that the brave brothers, thus put upon their metal, worsted their brawling, unthankful guests. The ignorant, base peasants of the neighbourhood whispered it about, that the insolent braggadocios who fell in these conflicts, were made away with for their money. It is true, that whatever gold they had about them, remained in the hands of the brothers: how could it be otherwise? It had been useless to put the pieces in the mouths of the dead when they were thrown into the well; and as to their heirs, how could the simple, wild hunter of the mountains, ignorant of the arts of towns, hope to discover them, or ascertain their claims, amid a crowd of harpy lawyers? The gold, I say, was kept by the brothers, and, being kept, was naturally regarded as their own, and employed in ministering to their unsophisticated enjoyments. Had the true heirs presented themselves, the money, I repeat it, would have been honestly rendered to them; but no claims being made, the *chalet* became the heir, and every inhabitant of it enjoyed an equal share of these gifts of fortune.

"Nevertheless, these hunters had their chief. This was *Machoul*, the second bro-

ther, a man formed by nature to overawe and command his fellows. Gigantic in stature, with head and limbs of prodigious size, his muscular force was unequalled. The very wolf of the forest was said to fly at his approach, or, if he offered resistance, was strangled like a village cur.

"Occasionally, ladies, admirers of mountain scenery, visited the chalet, at the risk, and, sometimes, at the expense of their lives; for, to strangers, especially such as stayed all night, the air was poisonous, the water death. Many died during the night, no one knew how; others, the dangers of the glen escaped, perished with all their followers among the neighbouring precipices. Such, at least, were the rumours; and, in consequence of these rumours, with which Machoul and his brothers were always connected, the officers of justice, as they are called, had long lain in wait for them, envying, peradventure, the calm tenour of their lives, unruffled, except by such accidents as the above.

"While affairs were in this position, Machoul encountered on the mountains a traveller, who, having, like yourself, had the temerity to stroll in unbeaten paths without a guide, had lost his way, and was found, about night-fall, fatigued and bewildered, in the vicinity of the glen. \* \* \* They arrived at the chalet, where the traveller was introduced. All the brothers, who happened to be then at home, crowded round him, some admiring the gait and bearing of the man—for he was tall, handsome, and distinguished by a certain nobleness of manner which is seldom possessed—others dwelling upon the rich appearance of his costume, or the beauty of his arms, which, in their simple wonder, they attempted to draw from his girdle. At this he drew back.

"Look you, young men," said he, "whether you understand the usages of the world or not, I do, and I counsel you never to lay hands on a stranger's arms. It is a liberty I never permit any man to take with me." Then, drawing a fine pair of pistols from his belt, and holding one in each hand,—"Observe," said he, "the make of these things. They are charged, and might be mischievous in awkward hands."

"As to that," replied Machoul, with some warmth, "we are not so awkward as you appear to think; and, in fact," continued he, "I myself possess a pair which have the look of belonging to the same family with yours." With that he drew a pistol from under his frock, and walking close up to the stranger with the muzzle pointed, perhaps accidentally, towards his breast, began to play, as if from mere thoughtlessness, with the lock.

"I see," observed the traveller, with perfect coolness, "that you are well armed. It is prudent, it is necessary to be so. But you must not confine your hospitality to the ex-

hibiting of pistols. Your mountain air has given me an appetite, which, however, will not digest iron."

"At this sally Machoul smiled, and replacing the weapon whence he had drawn it, gave orders for supper. The table was, ere long, spread, and the traveller sat down to a repast, such as he certainly had not reckoned upon finding in the mountains: flesh, fowls, fish, truffles from the Jura, wines of Burgundy, together with those delicate little Alpine strawberries, which are only found on the limits of eternal snow. Wine heats the blood. Hot blood generates strife. Who began the quarrel was never known; it is only certain that high words arose; that the traveller repressed with haughtiness the noisy but honest freedom of his hosts; and that, at last, a scuffle ensued. He was placed at the table next Machoul, who was somewhat prone to wrath, more especially when heated with wine; and, enraged at some contemptuous expression which fell from the mouth of his guest, struck him a blow on the face. At this moment, entering the room with wine, I saw my boy—"

From certain expressions which had escaped from the old woman, and still more from the general tone of her narration, I had expected this denouement; yet, now that we had come to it, it appeared shocking, unanticipated:—

"You entered the room!" I exclaimed; "What! are *you* the mother of Machoul?"

"Ay," replied she, with a ghastly smile, and plucking off the rag which covered her bosom; "Machoul sucked at this breast. And when he was an infant, Sir, the neighbours of all the country round admired his smiling countenance, his matchless complexion, his robust health, and extraordinary size. And could I, when he hung at my breast, twisting his rosy fingers in my black tresses, and gazing with unutterable fondness at my face,—could I foresee that torture and the guillotine were preparing—that my boy—my favourite boy—*whu—whu—whu—!*" And bitterly wrung by the remembrance of past days, the old woman lifted up her voice and wept, covering her face with her hands, and trembling convulsively in every limb.

[After a sad outburst of remorse, the old woman proceeds:]

"I was, I believe, saying that I entered the room with wine just as Machoul struck the stranger. The latter, inspired with ungovernable fury by the blow, leaped instantly on his feet, and seized my son by the throat. At the sight I shrieked aloud, and, unmindful of my feebleness, throwing the wine to the ground, flew to the rescue. My other boys, however, forestalled my design; but not before Machoul's face was quite black, and his body, apparently lifeless, dashed upon the ground. The traveller now thrust back his antagonists, as if they had been so many pig-

mies, and then placing his back against the wall, and snatching the pistols from his girdle, stood with five men before him, like a wild beast at bay.

"I warn you," cried he, 'to keep at a distance. I have no desire to shed your blood: but the first who advances a single step, is a dead man. Make way for me!'

"And with the word, still keeping his face towards us, while he retreated backwards, he sprang through the door, and disappeared, before a single hand could be stretched forth to detain him. When Machoul recovered, and found that his enemy had escaped, his fury knew no bounds. Numerous torches were immediately kindled, and every nook and fissure of the glen searched in vain; though a slight sprinkling of snow which had just fallen enabled us to trace his footsteps in several directions, both across the torrent and along its side. Machoul even extended his search through a portion of the neighbouring country; but no vestige of the man appearing, we all returned to the chalet, where we found on our arrival, that his mantleau and knapsack had remained behind; and these we carefully examined. Of the riches, however, we found no trace; not a single coin of any description; nothing, in short, but a few garments, a small miniature, and a few half worn-out letters in an unknown language. Of those letters not one fell into the hands of the harpies of justice. I secreted them carefully; and here," said she, untying her greasy housewife, "they still are."

On glancing my eye over them, I found they were English, and addressed, apparently by a lady, to a distinguished individual, whose known habits perfectly agreed with those imputed to him in the old woman's narration. I wished to be permitted to restore them to his friends; but all I could then obtain was the offer to peruse so much of them as was still intelligible. This I declined; upon which she replaced the letters in her housewife, and proceeded.

"Finding in the knapsack nothing to reward our search, we at length retired to rest; but the presentiment of approaching evil,—which in the course of my life has often tortured me,—would not suffer us to sleep. The ensuing morning broke with rain and high wind; the snow disappeared from the ground, and the torrent of the Hollow, increased at once by its melting and by the rain, swelled to an unusual size, and precipitated itself in foam and thunder down the abyss. No one expected to leave the chalet that day. However, towards evening the rain ceased, while the wind increased to a hurricane; nevertheless, looking through the window, I thought I perceived, shortly after nightfall, a strong, red light among the pine forests on the summit of the cliffs. Alarmed myself, I quickly alarmed my sons, who, hastily snatching up

their arms, sallied forth to reconnoitre. It was not long before the figures of several men were discovered on the heights, who, with flaming torches in their hands, appeared to be examining whether there were any other entrance into the glen, than by the bed of the stream below. At length, finding none, they retreated. Machoul and his brothers doubted not that they were the officers of justice, who had selected the night that they might be the more sure of their prey; and that discovering no other pathway, they would quickly attempt to force their way up the stream. Immediately preparing themselves, therefore, for a desperate struggle, they crept along the sides of the abyss, through ways known only to themselves; and after waiting a considerable time in suspense, with carbines and pistols cocked, beheld ten or twelve men approach, the foremost bearing torches, and all armed to the teeth. The narrow, winding, and precipitous path lay along the edge of the chasm through which the foaming stream tore its way, far below, among the rocks; and the party who had to traverse in mounting it several narrow patches of pine forests, were now, by the meandering of their road, brought into full view, and now hidden amid the dense foliage. At last they emerged from among the trees, and Machoul, on perceiving in the midst of them his guest of the preceding night, was exceedingly troubled; for that man was the first who had taught him that his bodily force was not invincible. The others stepped along cautiously, as if fully aware of the peril of their undertaking, from which, however, they would not shrink; but this person, as if enamoured of danger, or wholly insensible of its terrors, pushed on rapidly, and soon, notwithstanding the fury of the torrent, advanced to the mouth of the fissure, and began with something like preternatural strength to ascend.

"Machoul, who formed the vanguard of the fraternal band, seeing that no time was to be lost, steadily levelled his carbine at the head of the traveller; but he, in whom the boast of the Alpine riflemen, 'of never missing,' was scarcely presumptuous, now failed in his aim, but struck one of the torch-bearers, who, dropping like a stone into the water, was hurled with his half-extinguished brand down the precipice, and lost to sight. This unexpected event seemed for an instant to damp the courage of the gendarmes; but, quickly rallying, they tossed aloft their blazing torches, which casting a red glare on the faces of the brothers, as they leaned forward among the rocks, enabled them to take, alas! too just an aim; for in an instant the youngest of my boys dropped lifeless into the same gulf which had swallowed up his enemy. Upon this my children retreated further up the stream, while the gendarmes, following up their advantage, pushed on more boldly.



To secure themselves as far as possible from the aim of their enemies, the torches were delivered to the hindmost, while the others moving considerably in advance of them, groped their way in darkness. Meanwhile, many random shots were fired on both sides, but with no other effect than to awaken the startled echos, which for ages had mimicked no other sound than the voice of the cataract; and at length, with incredible good fortune, they were drawing near the inner extremity of the passage, when Machoul, who knew that should they make good their entrance into the glen, all were lost, calling upon his brothers to imitate his example, threw himself, dagger in hand, into the torrent, to oppose the advance of their leader. The rocks here approached so close as barely to afford a passage for one man, so that the first brunt of the conflict must necessarily lie between the foremost of the opposite parties, while those behind could yield no effectual aid to their champion. With the full consciousness of this fact, Machoul and his antagonist drew near each other. The dim light which forced its way from behind, between the traveller's body and the rocks, exhibiting imperfectly the terrific features of the scene, fell upon the face of Machoul, disclosing to his adversary the workings of his passions, and serving to direct his aim; while to my son it presented but the dark outline of a man, which, as he spoke not, might as well have been that of a phantom. Both stood more than knee deep in the water, whose white surface, shooting by like an arrow, was rendered partly visible by the trembling uncertain light. Behind the traveller and in support of him, the gendarmes stood in a dense row, some holding aloft their torches, which flared tremendously in the wind, others grasping their weapons, and preparing to use them. My four remaining sons crowded behind their brother for the same purpose. Machoul commenced the conflict by aiming a blow with a poniard at the heart of his antagonist, in which, missing his aim a second time, and striking his hand with prodigious force against the rock, the weapon unfortunately dropped from his grasp. The traveller at the same instant seized him in his arms, and held him with such irresistible strength, that the weapons which he wore at his belt could not be employed. Machoul now called upon his brothers to use their pistols, exhorting them to shoot his adversary, even should their balls be compelled to pass for the purpose through his own body. Apprehension for his safety, however, restrained them; for the desperate combatants had now grappled each other so closely, limb was so intertwined with limb, that they appeared but one frame, agitated convulsively by some internal movement, and furiously seeking its own destruction.

"Yield thee, villain!" at length exclaimed

the traveller, imagining himself to be gaining ground, and straining every nerve to overpower his antagonist:—"yield, before I hurl thy carcass down the gulf!"

"As I had as lieve my carcass were down the gulf, as on the gallows," replied Machoul, "I shall fight it out. Death I must face in one place or another; and I care not whether it be here or elsewhere."

"At the same time he was meditating on the means of extricating himself. Perceiving that all hope of safety lay in the speedy destruction of the traveller, and preparing for a last attempt at effecting it, he planted his left foot firmly against the rock, throwing all his weight upon the right; then suddenly lifting up his adversary, who by no means expected this movement, he endeavoured to swing him round, and plunge him down the torrent, but failing in his purpose, fell backward into the water, with his enemy upon his breast. Even then, however, he did not immediately loosen his hold, so that they lay for an instant struggling and rolling in the foaming stream; but the stranger, maintaining the advantage which good luck had given him, at length succeeded in freeing himself from the grasp of Machoul; and then seizing him by the throat, he plunged his head under water, and held him in that position, notwithstanding the terrific efforts which rage and agony inspired, until he had swallowed an immense quantity of water, and was nearly drowned. Then lifting up my son, and casting him, great God! like a dead dog upon the ground, he called aloud, 'Cease to trouble yourselves about the inferior villains. Bring up the lights. Here is the carcass of the miscreant Machoul.'

"All this I in some sort witnessed; for, upon hearing the report of fire-arms reverberating among the rocks, I could not keep myself within, but crept down trembling towards the chasm, sometimes concealing myself among the trees which grew in clumps in the bottom of the Hollow; then again, as the combat grew more furious, venturing farther and farther, until I found myself within a few paces of where they fought. So long as there was any hope that my sons might succeed in driving back the blood-hounds of justice, I made no noise, though my heart leaped like a snared hare, in my breast; but when all, as I conceived, was over, and Machoul a corpse, my mother's feelings could no longer be repressed. Bursting forth from my concealment, and bounding forward with shrieks of agony, I fell senseless on the body of my son. The senses of Machoul, however, had only temporarily forsaken him. When I came to myself, I saw him sitting upright by my side upon the ground, but with his arms tied behind his back with strong ropes. Two men bearing burning torches and cocked pistols were standing, one on either side of us; while

the hated traveller, the cause of all our misery, was supporting me with an air of kindness and compassion. The pity of the foul fiend would have been less unwelcome at that moment. I started from him with horror, and would none of his compassion. As I moved, the dead bodies of two of my sons met my eye, weltering in blood: the whole band, it seems, had attempted the rescue of Machoul, and these unhappy two had fallen. Torches were moving to and fro in the distance, in pursuit, I did not doubt, of the remaining two; but they escaped, and still, I thank God, live, though far from France; and to this day have supported their wretched mother with a portion of their honest gains, though they have never been able to wean me from this fatal spot.

"When the gendarmes found the pursuit hopeless, they returned; and observing me endeavouring, in a *patois* unknown to the bystanders, to comfort Machoul with the hope of escape, they conjectured the subject of our conversation, and would have separated us; but the stranger—and this time I thanked him in my heart—interposed in my behalf, saying, 'Let her alone. The prisoner is perfectly secure. There is nothing to fear.'

"An additional rope, however, was passed round the breast and arms of Machoul, whom the gendarmes could not, even when thus bound, regard without terror; and in this condition, surrounded by the whole party, he was marched up to the chalet, with his miserable mother by his side. Here the stranger recovered all his property, except the letters; which I kept, I know not why; except that I saw how deeply the loss of them affected him, and was gratified even by that small modicum of revenge. I had concealed them in a dry nook of the chalet, where I discovered them, many months after, on my return. The whole party remained all night in the house, diligently searching every part of it for proofs against my son. Their suspicions even directed them to the well, where, on descending, they found—what you will easily conjecture. I cannot inform you—but, assuredly, those bones had considerable weight in procuring the condemnation of Machoul. Next morning we were hurried away to prison, whence, after many a solitary, weary hour, I was dragged forth—not to suffer, but to witness—Oh, great God! what a spectacle for a mother. They will describe it to you at Dole, or —."

Here she ceased speaking, being seized with a convulsive shuddering that paralyzed her whole frame. She fell backward against the rock. The paleness of death came over her. Compassion for the misery she had endured made me consider death as the only haven in which her perturbed spirit could hope for rest; yet I had no wish to be the solitary witness of her last moments, and independently of all reflection, was impelled by

common humanity to make every effort in my power to bring her back to life. I therefore bore her into the fresh air, and by casting water on her face, at length succeeded in restoring animation and consciousness. I then requested her to point out the way to some human habitation. A woodcutter's hut was at hand. As she was with my aid proceeding thither, we were joined by its honest tenant and his son, to whom the old woman was perfectly well known. She appeared, however, to feel an invincible repugnance to approach the dwellings of man, and as we drew near the corner of the poor man's garden, cried out—"Stop!—I must go no farther!"

She then seized me eagerly by the hand, and muttered in a low tone of voice, as if she dreaded to embody the thoughts which thronged upon her mind, "I have two words to speak before I die. I could have wished to have been at this moment in the presence of the only beings with whom I claim kindred upon earth—who alone have any cause to regret or lament me—to shed a tear on my grave—or feel an interest respecting the direction in which my spirit shall take its flight, when it has overleaped the limits of this world—but this consolation is denied me; and, in truth, I have not deserved it. I tremble, too, lest the step I must necessarily hazard, should endanger the lives of my children. But they must receive this packet, which I conjure your compassion to deliver to them at —," and she whispered the name of a Swiss town in my ear. "I have long carried it in my bosom against this hour; and may God, who is the friend of the friendless, of whom, alas! I have thought too little, reward you for the good you will thus be the author of to three miserable fellow-creatures. The letters of that traveller, the immediate cause of all I have endured, I likewise entrust to your keeping. Restore them—restore them to him."

With the word she was a corpse. I have fulfilled her intention in both cases.

[The poetical interest of the *Offering* shall be attested by three quotations, two of which are from the graceful pen of Barry Cornwall.]

#### THIRTEEN YEARS AGO.

##### (Beggars-girl.)

Thirteen years ago, mother,  
A little child had you;  
Its limbs were light, its voice was soft,  
Its eyes were—oh, so blue!  
It was your last, your dearest,  
And you said, when it was born,  
It cheered away your widowhood,  
And made you unforlorn.  
Thirteen years ago, mother,  
You loved that little child,  
Although its temper wayward was,  
And its will so strong and wild:



You likened it to the free bird,  
That flies to the woods to sing,  
To the river fair, the unfettered air,  
And many a pretty thing.

Thirteen years ago, mother,  
The world was in its youth:  
There was no past; and the all to come  
Was Hope, and Love, and Truth.  
The dawn came dancing onwards,  
The day was ne'er too long,  
And every night had a fiery sight,  
And every voice a song.

Thirteen years ago, mother,  
Your child was an infant small,  
But she grew, and budded, and bloomed, at last,  
Like the rose on your garden wall.  
Ah, the rose that you loved was trod on,—  
Your child was lost in shame,  
And never since hath she met your smile,  
And never heard your name!

(Widow.)

Be dumb, thou gipsy slanderer,  
What is my child to thee?  
What are my troubles—what my joys?  
Here, take these pence, and flee!  
If thou wilt frame a story  
Which speaks of me or mine,  
Go say you found me singing, girl,  
In the merry sun-shine.

(Beggar-girl)

Thirteen years ago, mother,  
The sun shone on your wall:  
He shineth now through the winter's mist,  
Or he shineth not at all,  
You laughed *then*, and your little one  
Ran round with merry feet:  
To day, you hide your eyes in tears,  
And I—am in the street!

(Widow.)

Ah, God!—what frightful spasm  
Runs piercing through my heart!  
It cannot be my bright one,  
So pale—so worn!—Depart!  
Depart—yet no, come hither!  
Here! hide thee in my breast!  
I see thee again,—again!—and I  
Am once more with thee blest'd!

(Beggar girl.)

Ay, gaze!—"Tis I, indeed, mother,  
Your loved,—your lost,—your child!  
The rest o' the bad world scorn me,  
As a creature all defiled:  
But you—you'll take me home, mother?  
And I—(tho' the grave seems nigh,)  
I'll bear up still; and for your sake,  
I'll struggle—not to die!

B. C.

#### THE FATE OF THE OAK.

THE Owl to her mate is calling  
The River his hoarse song sings;  
But the Oak is marked for falling,  
That has stood for a hundred springs.  
Hark! a blow,—and a dull sound follows;  
A second,—he bows his head;  
A third,—and the wood's dark hollows  
Now know that their king is dead.  
His arms from their trunk are riven,—  
His body all barked and squared,—  
And he's now, like a felon, driven,  
In chains to the strong dock-yard,  
He's sawn through the middle, and turned,  
For the ribs of a frigate free,  
And he's caulked, and pitched, and burned;  
And now—he is fit for sea!  
Oh! now,—with his wings outspread,  
Like a ghost (if a ghost may be,)  
He will triumph again, though dead,  
And be dreaded in every sea.

The lightning will blaze about,  
And wrap him in flaming pride,  
And the thunder-loud cannon will shout,  
In the fight, from his bold broad-side.

And when he has fought,—and won  
And been honoured from shore to shore,  
And his journey on earth is done,—  
Why, what can he ask for more?  
There is naught that a king can claim,  
Or a poet, or warrior bold,  
Save a rhyme, and a short-lived name,  
And to mix with the common mould!

BEATRICE: A LOVER'S LAY.—BY MARY

HOWITT.

GENTLE, happy Beatrice,  
Visioned fair before me,  
How can it a wonder be  
That many so adore thee?  
Old, and young, and great, and wise,  
Set their love upon thee;  
And if gold could purchase hearts,  
Riches would have won thee.

Social, cheerful Beatrice,  
Like a plentiful river,  
Is the current of thy joy,  
Flowing on for ever!

Many call themselves thy friends;  
Thou art loved of many;  
And wheres'er the fair are met,  
Thou'rt fairer far than any.

Pious, duteous Beatrice,  
All good angels move thee;  
Meek and gentle as a saint—  
Most for this we love thee!

I can see thee going forth,  
Innocent and lowly,  
Knowing not how good thou art,  
Like an angel holy:

See thee at thy father's side,  
Most touching is thy beauty,  
Gladdening that benign old man,  
With cheerful love and duty.

I can see his happy smile,  
As he gazes on thee;  
I can feel the boundless love  
That he showers upon thee!

What a happy house thou mak'st,  
Singing, in thy gladness,  
Snatches of delicious song,  
Full of old love-sadness!

How I've sat and held my breath,  
When the air was winging,  
From some far-off chamber lone,  
Breathings of thy singing.

How I've listened for thy foot,  
Sylph-like stepping, airy,  
On the stair, or overhead,  
Like a lightsome fairy.

What a happy house it is  
Where thou hast thy dwelling!  
Love, and joy, and kindness,  
There evermore are welling.

Every one within the house  
Loves to talk about thee:—  
What an altered place it were,  
Sweet Beatrice, without thee!

I can see thee, when I list,  
In thy beauty shining,  
Leaning from the casement ledge,  
Round which the rose is twining.

I can see thee looking down,  
The little linnet feeding;  
Or sitting quietly apart,  
Some pleasant volume reading.

Would I were beside thee then,  
The pages turning over,  
I'd find some cunning word or two  
That should my heart discover!

I would not heed thy laughter wild—  
Laugh on, I could withstand thee,—  
The printed book should tell my tale,  
And thou shouldst understand me!

I know thy arts, my Beatrice,  
So lovely, so beguiling,—  
The mockery of thy merry wit,  
The witchery of thy smiling!

I know thee for a syren strong,  
That smiles all hearts with blindness;  
And I might tremble for myself,  
But for thy loving kindness;

But for the days of bygone years,  
When I was as thy brother:  
Ah happy, faithful Beatrice,  
We were meant for one another.

I'll straightway up this very day,  
And ask thee of thy father;  
And all the blessings life can give,  
In wedded life we'll gather.

[The twelve embellishments are chiefly of portrait interest; and, as Wood, Chalon, and Parris, furnish four originals, there is no lack of graceful attraction in this department. The gem of the volume we take to be the Farmer's Family, exquisitely engraved by W. Finden, from a drawing by J. W. Wright.]

### The Comic Offering

[COMES with a Frontispiece "Wag-on of Fun," loaded (light weight) with puns, jests (with care), and stories, "to be kept till called for," and a packet addressed to "Hum and Co.," the vehicle having passed over "the Blues, Fogs, and Low Spirits." But Miss Sheridan's own description of the Frontispiece is not the least amusing of her two or three prose and verse pieces:—]

The frontispiece shows that the "Annual Wag-on of Fun," having passed through the towns of Blithe, Rum-say, Brighton, Merry-oneth, &c., has trotted up again to the Genl. Wag: Office of Sheridan and Company. It will be found, as usual, an accommodation vehicle for light articles:—and, hoping some day to "lead the Van," we trust it will not be said that we are, this year, "in the Wain!"

We have hitherto had the gratification of being most kindly received, after *Four* Annual tours: and now laying before our friends the produce of the *Fifth* year, we hope they will not like the *Four* most! With reference to the time of publication, this is our "Fifth" of November,—but unconnected with any disloyal plot, from the bare fact, that, at this season, *leaves* are not *Trees on*,—in any *Branch*!—and, although we object not to a little Squib, no "*Gays*" will be seen about us,—rein de "*Faux*!"

Several strangers have this year taken places with me, whom I shall be most happy to book again! My best thanks are due to them for joining the "*Wagon-train*" (quite a "*Civil service*" for me), and I beg, in gratitude, to offer each of them a *Writership*!

While examining my load, I hope my full

bales may contain nothing *baleful*: and among my *packages*, that I have packed nothing *old*:—the whole being directed generally to the Royal Exchange of Fun, no article will be found directed to any individual. Keeping on my own side, I know nothing of "wheels within wheels," nor have I done any mischief, for it must be some person who *intentionally* crosses my path, against whom I would direct my "*Shafts*!" The whip which takes a wide range, falls lightly: and no one can say I use my "*Lash*" severely, —though bound to give upwards of *Sixty Cuts*!

In *Drawing*, my Team (which has a set of "merry *Belles*") teams with excellence, R. Cruikshank being one of my *leaders*:—and as we all "pull well together," it is to be hoped that none of us have *drawn* badly. Those who wish to check our progress must not try by the usual method, for we are resolved, instead of being stopped by "*Wo*!" that *Wo*e shall be stopped by us!

Gentlemen Critics! ye literary turnpike-keepers, who take the *Toll* of the *Belles Lettres*,—after letting us pass free for four years, ye will not now weigh us, and say we are too *heavy*! That ye will not put your *Bar* against us, I rely,—in spite of the toll-gate motto, "*No trust*."

Though frequently obliged to press articles more closely, from want of space, I have carefully marked the best points with "*Keep this side upwards*:" when I could see through the owner being unusually particular, I have observed, "*Glass, with care*:" all pieces of dry humour have been "*Kept dry*:" and some which would not pack with the others last year, will now fit in, and have been "*Kept till called for*."

Hitherto our graphic ideas, like Turkey-figs, have been "conveyed in wood" (in Turkey-box, too): but this year our "*Graphics*" are partly *Lithographics*:—and those who design any thing for us next year, may first satisfy themselves that we have not "*gone roughly over the Stones*!"

Finally, having tried to shun all *Cross-roads*,—to avoid all *Rail-ways*,—and not to give any short *Cuts*,—my wish is to put up "*Fun's Wag-on*" in the *Highway to Reading*,—to which the only approach is a *BUY Way*!—LOUISA HENRIETTA SHERIDAN.

[Here is another:—]

IALOGUE BETWEEN TWO DOORS. BY HENRY W. CHALLIS, ESQ.

No. 1.—Ah, neighbour!—why, how glum you are grown! You were used to be more open!

No. 2.—Yes, 'tis all very fine for you, with that new coat of paint, while I am kept so close! People now only take heed of *number one*.

1.—Yes, and of you, 2! But you are ever grumbling.

2.—No wonder, when I am so near the railings! Am I not continually being kicked or banged about? Am I ever treated like a "private door?" Does not every footman give me a rap? But I am no reformer for all John knocks!

1.—Why then do you not bolt? I'd go to the East Indies.

2.—Indies! Why, it's useless turning to the East, or to the West, when I can scarcely turn on my own hinges!

1.—But your master—

2.—Oh! what cares he! He is a traveller, and declares that he can live without doors.

1.—Then the maid Betty—

2.—(Sighing.) She is a jilt—besides there exists a difference betwixt us.

1.—As how?

2.—Hark ye! lovely Betty is a woman, I adore!

1.—And your living—

2.—There again have I food for complaint. Would you credit it? though I board myself, she makes me fast all day!

1.—(Aside.) Poor fellow! I perceive he's cracked.

2.—Oh! that Betty!

1.—Peradventure, she is looking out for money?

2.—Then let her look at me; I have plenty of *chinks*. But, no! it's my rival, the pot-boy; he tapped me last night, by way of signal.

1.—I see! to draw her attention.

2.—Exactly. She pretended to fetch pickles from the corner shop, and left me a-jar!

1.—Which you did not *relish*?

2.—Then took him into the pantry—all through me!

1.—Didn't you follow them?

2.—Poh! I couldn't take any steps; she took good care to chain me! Besides, I should have been missing from my post;—but it won't last much longer.

1.—Indeed!

2.—We shall not have a single woman in the house soon, for master is going abroad, and his only daughter is to marry a surgeon.

1.—Oh! when your master goes abroad, I suppose the others will "get along," as the Yankees say. Will the surgeon live here?

2.—Alas! yes—and he insists that I, as well as my young lady, shall bear his name.

1.—That looks somewhat brazen, I confess; but I congratulate you, my dear friend, at last, on your "gaining the plate!"

2.—(Indignantly.) Chut! chut!

[Scene closes.]

[We expect a laugh at Miss Isabel Hill, and here are the materials.]

THE REVERSE OF WRONG NOT ALWAYS RIGHT.  
BY ISABEL HILL.

In my young days, I lodged for a short time in the same house with a worthy wi-

dower, named Hobbes, the beauty of whose two little girls, Mary and Harriet, attracted my attention. He begged me, when we should be all in London again, to look in now and then, on the children. I did so, but they were soon sent to a boarding-school, and I ceased my visits, as they did not even pass their vacations at home; but their father and myself still occasionally met, as well-wishers, *en passant*.

After seven years passed in this way, Mr. Hobbes called, to beg that I would come and see his daughters, now domesticated with him, and much improved. My first leisure day I made a pilgrimage to his house in the city. On my being announced, the "young ladies" ran to welcome me, with fussy cordiality, laughing as boisterously as if there had been something invincibly ludicrous in the circumstance of our meeting, or in my appearance; which, I beg to state, was not the case; my ugliness is past laughing at. (Of course I say this to extort a compliment!) But the Misses Hobbes,—oh, the girls of today! the heartless off-handedness of their manners, with elders, and superiors!—No matter!

"Laur, Miss Ill!" began the eldest, "Mriur always roars so, when she's nervous."

"I never thought you'd darken our dores agin," continued the other,—for both, I found, committed felonies on the King's High English, though, "as it were, with a difference."

"She baint a bit altered, is she, Henery-etter?" added "Mriur."

"But you are, even in your names," remarked I.

"Oh!" answered the eldest, "Mary and Aryut arnt genteel enough for us now; we old our eads igh.—Mriur, put a cheer for er, while I pore er out a glauss o wine;—'tis a sentry since we saur you last—whatever ave ye bin doin?"

"This age!" interrupted her sister, "we've noos for ye; Par has hired a guvnis for us,—sich an egstrawnree caritur!"

"Iss, I bleve ee!" resumed Henrietta; "she teaches daurnsain, drawin, arethmuttic, and a vurryutty of thinks more, that I can't possible describe; my payshunce! she talks so particur, and says taint the valley of the salry she minds, but the sentimunt of dooty. I carnt say it like she does. Well, I used to think you was formull enough, but she—Oh, it's out Erodin Erod! We are jest goin to read with her; let me interdooce you!"

I was presented to Miss Phibbs, in the study, and congratulated the pupils on her instructions.

"Menny thinks, Madim," replied the governess, smiling primly. "My a-rivil may be o-portune for them; but their intimissy is of emense impotence to a persin of my dispishishin, at the presint morrint. I never seek to harriss or muzail the infiant blossims of in-



Pa de six.

telect, but lead them eresistibly, never irritating them, by taking o-fence with slight o-cashin. Mr. Hobbes, though co-mershil, aprisheates my e-forts: while I possess his confidance, I am temptid to believe that my system cannot be e-roneous; his daughters will shortly sickuimb, and grow recinciled to it."

"Maynt us read to ye, marm, before Miss Aitch?"

"My dear Meria, correct those expressings; a-nother time I mean. Do not puzzil yourself now; as yet, you are but in the vestibil of erudishin's tempil."

"Hine further nor that, hime in Henry the Heighth," said Maria.

"Co-mence, then, mia cara," minced Miss Phibbs.

The girl began at the eighth paragraph in the second section. Goldsmith, hem!—and shortly came to a passage, which she read thus:—

"Hin his way he stayd a fortnit at the hurl of Shrewsbree's, where, one day at dinner, he was taken hill, not without voylunt"—

"My dear," interrupted Miss Phibbs, "agen and agen, must I point out the difference between O, I, and I, O?"

"Heigho!" punned the other sister, "she don't know a jint from a base vile."

"If you do not become perfect in your diphthong," proceeded the preceptress,—

"You will deserve a *whip thong*," concluded the *clever* Miss Hobbes.

"Re-co-mence the sentence—the parigraps, the sekshin!" said the precise Miss Phibbs.

Her élève obeyed; but coming afresh upon the unlucky vowels, now read, with an air of infinite self-satisfaction,

"Not without vilunt suspicions of having pysund himself."

I laughed so heartily, that this matter could

not be righted. The fair wag now took her sister's place; opening at section 2 of Mary, she read six paragraphs, and ended the seventh by declaiming:—

"Latimer was soon out of pain; but Ridley continued to suffer much longer, his legs bein consomed before the fire reached his vittula."

The absurd image this blunder suggested to my mind's eye, forced me abruptly to take leave of the all-professing pretender, and her hopeful charges. Miss Phibbs accompanied me to the door, whispering, "Ah, madim! to a gentlemoin of your talint, I need not repeat the anshint aphirism, that there is no washing the blackimore white!"

[Smart, classical, and transporting, is]

THE SHEEP-STEALER. FROM THE GREEK OF EPIMENIDES OF CRETE.\* DONE INTO ENGLISH.

Athanas, king of Thebes, kept in his palace a ram,—not a battering-ram, but a simple sheep,—which was celebrated for its golden fleece; the gods had made him a present of it, and, though contrary to the rules of grammar, the *present was perfect*; so the king regarded it as the *palladium* (that is, the *ram-part*) of his family.

Now Athanas had a son, whose name was Phryxus, who, in a pet at the ill-usage of his step-mother, Mrs. Nephele, ran away with the pet ram of his father.

All the ramifications of the royal household were, of course, in a rampant consternation!

And all the people came in a *flock* to the palace, when they heard how their sovereign was *fleeced*, and took on in a lamentable way.

\* Epimenides, according to Diogenes Laertius, wrote this story toward the 47th Olympiad, about 600 years before the Christian era.



"I wish you joy."—"Why?"—"Because you do not seem to have any."

And the guards were ordered under arms, with a *charge* to load their pieces with *ram-rods*!

Meanwhile, Phryxus made good his retreat to Colchus, where he commenced what he jocosely termed his *sheep-sharing*,—sacrificing the ram to Jupiter, and presenting the golden fleece to Æta, the king, who placed it in a grove of *yew*, consecrated to Mars, and treated Phryxus and his people with potations of lamb's wool.

To prevent mistakes or misappropriation, Æta placed a dragon that never winked, and a brace of bulls with flaming nostrils, to *watch* his newly-acquired treasure.

"They must get up betimes," cried the exulting king, "*who go by my watch!*"

"Few kings," said his minister, smirking, "can indeed boast such a *bul-wark*, sire!"

In this respect, however, both king and minister made a blunder; and Jason laughed at their *Bulls*!

And who was Jason?

Jason was the son of Eson, king of Thesaly, and undertook to carry off the far-famed treasure; urged to the enterprise by his uncle Pelias, who handled the reins of government, and drove the state-carriage, under colour of Jason being *green* in years, and Eson *grey* and bed-ridden.

This old boy was playing a deep game; for, if Jason happened to lose (of which there

was an excellent prospect), he saw a fair chance of winning a *crown*; at the same time, he inwardly lauded his own generous patriotism in intending to give the people—a new sovereign!

To expedite his departure, Pelias cunningly offered him all the boats pertaining to the kingdom. But Jason replied, "Such *craft* may do very well for a minister, uncle, but is unfitting a hero!"

Argus, naval architect to his Majesty, was immediately commanded to make a long boat, and not be long about it!

The wood was cut from the Forest of Dodona, famed for its use in the manufacture of dolls and oracles. Pelias found the *funds* and Argus the *stocks*! Jason, meanwhile, occupied himself in raising the necessary forces for the undertaking. He sent an invitation to Hercules and his club, Theseus, Castor, Pollux, Orpheus, Typhis, and many other renowned chiefs of Greece, to share with him in the peril and glory of the enterprise. And they all came, and went with the *greatest expedition* of the times.

Typhis was the pilot, and took his station at the wheel.

Lyneus, who possessed a most penetrating sight, stood on his right hand, pointing out the quicksands and hidden rocks, which did not *point out* of the waves. "But which he," as Jason said, "*in the sea saw.*"

While Orpheus sweetened the weariness of a long voyage with his voice and lyre, singing prettily,—"Row brothers row,"—"Off she goes,"—"Twas in the good ship Rover," and other *classic* compositions of the times; the other heroes not disdaining to ply their oar, and, as Jason quaintly observes in his journal, "If we did at last find the fish we were pulling for, it was certes with a *hard row!*"

Hercules alone retarded their progress, for the immense weight of his body completely overloaded the vessel. Typhis whispered to Jason that the Colchians would assuredly, at sight of his brawny figure, conceive that they were bringing in a cargo of *muscles!*

He moreover consumed so much more than all the rest of the crew, that they were frequently compelled to put ashore, to take in *fresh* provisions,—if we may so call *salt* junk! Having at last exhausted all the water, Hylas was sent on shore to seek for a fresh supply.

This Hylas was a handsome youth, of whom Hercules was very fond. But Hylas never returned. It is said that he was drowned, although the poets feign that he was carried away by some nymphs who were washing on the banks;—the same *genus* who in modern times write up "*gentlemen done for!*" Finding he did not return, Hercules went on shore to seek him; and his friends took the opportunity to rid themselves of a very troublesome companion.

"Now, my hearties!—a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether!" cried Jason.

"There she goes! light as a cork!" said Typhis. "I never, till now, saw the inutility of keeping a *log!*"

"Leave Hercules alone for shifting for himself," said Orpheus; "no one can get out of a difficulty or a scrape, better than he."

"May he never get into a *mess*, where I'm a party," observed Lynceus.

The vessel, disencumbered of Hercules, flew like a swallow over the waters, and soon arrived at the port of her destination.

Jason, arrived at Colchos, began to reconnoitre; and, being a handsome and accomplished prince, found little difficulty in obtaining an introduction at the court of Ceta, whose daughter, Medea, falling desperately in love with him at first sight, after the manner of those times,—Jason politically considered that Cupid would better assist him in his rapacious designs than Mars.

He forthwith called a council, and submitted his plans.

"I am unmarried," said he, "and I think I shall be able satisfactorily to prove, that a *single* man will be able to do more, peaceably, than all our valiant band of heroes, by force. One single *arrow* from Dan Cupid, with such a *beau* as nature has made me, I think, will do the business!"

"You, Orpheus, shall play a *serenade*

under her balcony this evening, while I make an *overture.*"

"I *accord* in such an excellent *movement,*" said Orpheus; "and, if you can only prevail upon Miss Medea to 'pitch the *key,*'—"

"Why, we'll unlock the treasure, in a jiffy," said Jason, "and walk off with a fortune to the tune of ———"

"Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life," warbled Orpheus.

"But,"—observed Lynceus, "do you intend to take away the whole fleece?"

"Certainly; we'll fleece him till we set his wits wool-gathering!" cried Jason, gaily.

"And, once secure on board, my chums will row back again, as nimbly as so many *roe-bucks!*"

And Jason's anticipations were amply fulfilled, for Medea, more beautiful than dutiful, assisted him in securing the golden fleece, and, while her papa slept, eloped with her lover, with whom she arrived safe in the kingdom of Thessaly, where they both lived very *unhappily* for many years afterwards!

[The modicum of illustrations is sixty cuts and spirited lithographs: of the former, the publishers have courteously enabled us to present two specimens.]

### The Forget-me-Not

[Is altogether an improvement upon former years—we mean as regards its prose, its illustrations, its size, and binding. The tales do not startle by their interest; but they are of uniformly pleasing character, and their interest is well maintained in every narrative. Most of them are too long for quotation; and, on this account, we are thrown upon the expedient of mere extract specimens. The names of the contributors, Mrs. Gore, Mary Howitt, Miss I. Hill, Mr. T. K. Hervey, Delta, William Howitt, and Mr. Inglis, promise much, and what is better, they perform it. We can only name a few of the most attractive stories, as the Warlock, by the Old Sailor; the Bear of Carniola, by Mr. T. K. Hervey; the Fortunes of Alice Law, with many fine touches of pathos, by William Howitt; Now or Never, a tale of high and lowly maiden love, by Mrs. Gore; and the Protestant Burial-ground at Rome, in its sad realities, contrasts with the fiction of the volume.]

The Oak of St. Pierre, a happy, smiling village of the valley of the Moselle, enshrines a touching legend:—]

Near the church, and in the centre of the village green, (the joyous scene of many a rustic *fête,*) stands an enormous oak, which has probably withstood the ravings of the blast during a thousand winters. Its history is intermingled with the annals of the province; for the records of the commune make



frequent allusion to public documents which were attested, to lands granted, and leases signed, under the shadow of its giant branches, which, springing horizontally from the trunk, effectually shelter the verdant spot beneath from the scorching effects of the noontide sun. But there are other and less pleasing recollections connected with the history of this venerable relic of past ages; and tradition still points to the rude form of a cross, deeply carved, and to appearance burnt into its knotty, hollow trunk, which perpetuates the memory of a tragic circumstance that occurred near the spot, about two hundred and fifty years ago.

In the cemetery, a large moss-grown slab reclines half buried in the centre, surmounted by a small iron cross, nearly consumed by the action of the elements, on which a garland of the choicest flowers the village gardens can produce is constantly renewed. Of the ample inscription which appears originally to have been engraved upon this stone, the words, *Ci gite*, and the date, 1582, alone remain to reward the researches of the curious antiquarian.

[Of this cross, the sexton relates the following legend:]

Towards the close of a sultry day, in the latter end of June, a single horseman, having a young female mounted on a pillion behind, was slowly proceeding along the wild and rocky defile through which the river Jaude winds its rapid and devious course. He was journeying from the town of Champagne to that of Altkirch, with the intention of placing his daughter, who rode behind him, as a boarder in one of the numerous religious houses with which the latter city then abounded. The prospect of a long separation from an only remaining child had given a deep interest to the conversation of the father, and prevented his observing that the shades of evening were rapidly settling on the stupendous cliffs, that rose like a wall on either side of the scarcely perceptible bridle-path by which they were proceeding. Striking his horse with the spur, the rider soon quickened his pace to a hard trot, when his attention was attracted by a sharp, shrill noise; and, almost at the same instant, the good grey horse on which he rode was pierced in the chest by an arrow from a cross-bow, and, after plunging desperately, fell to the ground in the agonies of death. The violence of the shock precipitated the young lady into the rocky but shallow torrent; the horseman, however, retained his seat, and, hastily disengaging himself from the expiring animal, prepared to fly to the rescue of his child. He placed her on the green bank, and, drawing his sword, fearlessly awaited the termination of this mysterious assault. The low notes of a bugle now ran echoing along the cliffs; and the unfortunate travellers, on looking in the direction from

which these sounds had proceeded, discovered five fierce and savage-looking figures, clothed in steel caps and leathern jerkins, rapidly descending, by swinging themselves from crag to crag with all the agility of the chamois. The stranger, encircling his daughter with one arm, and placing his back against a tree, fought desperately. The contest, however, was too unequal to be of long duration; and the robbers, after pillaging him of his money and arms, hastily retreated by the way by which they had approached, leaving both their victims in a state of insensibility.

The father, though greatly exhausted from the loss of blood, was the first to experience a return of consciousness; and, raising his child in his arms, proceeded, with all the haste his feeble condition would allow, towards the village of St. Pierre, whose spire was at intervals faintly visible in the moonlight. He at length reached the ancient oak; and, overcome by fatigue and the pain of his wounds, he placed his burden at its foot. It was now midnight. While busy in exertions for her restoration, his fears were again awakened by loud shouts from behind; and in a few minutes he recognised his plunderers, who, with fierce execrations, commenced tearing the ornaments from his daughter's person. The pain of his wounds, the hopelessness of the contest, were forgotten in the impulse of paternal affection. To start from his kneeling posture, to rush upon the foremost of these savages and fell him to the earth, was but the work of an instant. His own destruction, however, was the result; and the remainder of my tale may be comprised in a few words.

On the following morning, as some peasants were proceeding to their daily toil, their attention was arrested by the sight of a young female, her countenance pale and her dress torn and disordered, sitting at the foot of the village oak. She supported in her lap the head of an elderly man, whose person exhibited traces of recent and brutal violence. The unhappy lady returned no answer to their inquiries, nor betrayed the slightest symptoms of consciousness, except by occasionally regarding the bloodstained, pallid countenance which lay upon her lap: she then, with a deep sigh, relapsed into her former state of stupor.

They were borne to the residence of the benevolent curé; and, though the unhappy daughter revived sufficiently to narrate her tragic story, she lived but a few days, and lies buried in the same grave that covers the mangled body of her parent. The villagers still point to the ruins of a castle, which crowns a beetling cliff overhanging the Jaude, as the retreat of the murderers; and, with a feeling of superstition common to the lower classes of all countries, will put themselves to considerable inconvenience rather than pass the spot, when once the setting sun has sunk

behind the lofty peaks that distinguish the summit of the Ballon d'Alsace.

[From the Protestant Burial-ground at Rome are the following notes: the author of the paper is not named; but he has evidently a nice perception of what best interests the human heart.]

To begin with the lower burial-ground:—It is on a flat space before the pyramid, and close under the trees. Cypresses and stone-pines have been planted there, and they are now of great size and beauty; while the aloe and the rose grow close around the graves. Some of the tombs are highly interesting. The largest monument is to the memory of the lady of the late Sir Grenville Temple; near it is the tomb of Keats the poet, with this inscription:—

This grave contains  
all  
that was mortal  
of a  
young English poet,  
who,  
on his death-bed,  
in the bitterness of his heart  
at the malicious power of his enemies,  
desired these  
words to be engraved on his tombstone:  
"Here lies one  
whose name was writ in water."  
February 24, 1821.

Keats was a true poet in character and disposition; he was composed of "most penetrable stuff," and had a painful susceptibility to the judgments of others. He came to Rome in a consumption, attended by a friend, a young artist: it is supposed that his death was hastened by certain literary criticisms on his poems, that preyed upon his mind.\* He died at the age of twenty-four. Shelley wrote an elegy upon his friend Keats, some of the stanzas of which are most beautiful, and describe the spot where Keats lies interred.

Very near that spot a child of Shelley's is buried; and these were Shelley's verses written on the death of his favourite boy, at Rome, in June, 1819.

My lost William—thou in whom  
Some bright spirit lived, and did

\* In a manuscript note on a pamphlet, dated November 12, 1821, Lord Byron says: "Mr. Keats died at Rome, about a year after this [the *Endymion*] was written, of a decline, produced by his having burst a blood-vessel on reading the article on his '*Endymion*' in the *Quarterly Review*. I have read the article before and since; and although it is bitter, I do not think that a man should permit himself to be killed by it. But a young man little dreams what he must inevitably encounter in the course of a life ambitious of public notice. My indignation at Mr. Keats's depreciation of Pope has hardly permitted me to do justice to his own genius, which, *malgré* all the fantastic fopperies of his style, was undoubtedly of great promise. His fragment of '*Hyperion*' seems actually inspired by the Titans, and is as sublime as *Echylus*." In another letter to Mr. Murray, Lord Byron, after some remarks upon Mr. Keats, adds, "However, he who would die of an article in a *Review* would probably have died of something equally trivial." The same thing nearly happened to Kirke White, who died afterwards of a consumption.

That decaying robe consume,  
Which its lustre faintly hid,  
Here its ashes find a tomb;  
And beneath this pyramid  
Thou art not—if a thing divine  
Like thee can die, thy funeral shrine  
Is thy mother's grief and mine.  
Where art thou, my gentle child?  
Let me think thy spirit feeds,  
Within its life intense and mild,  
The love of living leaves and weeds,  
Among these tombs and ruins wild;  
Let me think that through low seeds  
Of the sweet flowers and sunny grass,  
Into their hues and scents may pass  
A portion.

The higher burial-ground is in a sloping direction from the ruined walls of ancient Rome, walls now decorated for the strangers' remains with roses, the leaves of which fell in luxuriant showers and strewed the tombs. Entering the large iron gates of the inclosure, gates wide enough to admit a funeral procession, a walk rises gradually to these walls; the walk is between rows of aloes and rose-trees, and rosemary hedges. The tombs at present occupy only the highest part of the inclosure, and several of the graves are dressed out with little edges of violets and low-growing flowers, or white roses; and some are entirely neglected, undecked, and unheeded. Many of the graves evince the care of friends in the way that the flowers are placed and cultivated. From the high ground is a lovely view of Rome, with the dome of St. Peter's and the cypresses of the Villa Miliari on the horizon.

Here are buried several artists and learned men of various nations, and here lie the ashes of Shelley under a plain, flat stone, having the following inscription:

Percy Bysshe Shelley  
Cor Cordium  
Natus iv. Aug. MDCCCXII.  
Obiit viii. Jul. MDCCCXIII.  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea change,  
Into something rich and strange.

[The volume closes with some tributary lines, (in *Fraser's Magazine*, said to be by the Rev. Mr. Croly,) to the memory of the late Mr. Ackermann—"a man of fervent charity," and therefore entitled to this distinction, beyond the merit of being the originator of a class of works which not only aim at the amusement, but the improvement of the mind and heart.

The engravings are considerably enlarged; but we have only space to particularize *Eulione*, engraved in fine style, from Sir T. Lawrence; and a charming view in Madeira, from a drawing by Westall.]

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*Scot. 747.*